

T. S. Eliot Sells A Pet

"Kraken For Sale!" I read in the London Times.
I parted my hair and motored fast to the zoo,
Where Mr. Eliot, breakfast tea tears about his eyes,
Was grooming his queen for the very last time.
"I placed the ad," he explained with a bow,
"Because I prefer a critic on a sofa to strenuous play
With my muse; and she, dear creature, is apt to die
From want of leaping."

"Well, I'm only an American --" "I know; a pity."
"— But I can pay; and she uncaged to splash
In white New England surf will spawn, perhaps,
A splendid daughter." "Splendid, yes!
But she's rather dear: a thousand pounds!"
"Sold!" I signed the check; and Mr. Eliot,
Looking kin to Bustopher Jones, spoke possum sly:
"Young man, I've tried for years to sell this kraken,
But you're the first to answer my ad. I'm glad you
read
The British papers." "Only the Times," I said.

— Leonard Gilly
Denver, Colorado

Night Talk

We talked about Kierkegaard,
He was in vogue then, quoted
Blaise Pascal and Jean Paul Sartre.
I don't remember what point
We were trying to prove or disprove.
What does it matter now,
Now that you are with child?

— Oliver Haddo
Chicago, Illinois

